



Angel Beats Track Zero Extra Chapter 1: Monday Before Sunrise

Translated from Chinese versions done by 林檎ちゃん and 蒼天の龍.

Angel Beats! -Track ZERO-

A prequel novel of the TV animation series “Angel Beats!”, penned by the original creator and script writer Maeda Jun himself. This extra chapter of the novel consists of stories about the four members of the

diversionary unit, the rock band called Girls Dead Monster.

Word: Maeda Jun (Key)

Illustration: GotoP

Character Design: Na-Ga (Key)

Disclaimer: All materials used here belong to their respective owners. All characters and events appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons or events is purely coincidental. Any resemblance to something funny is purely intentional.

Extra Chapter 1: Monday Before Sunrise

Where should I start...

About what? About the members of Girls Dead Monster of course, or Gldemo for short.

By the way, Girls Dead Monster is a rock band, where I, Sekine, play as the bassist.

Moreover, that very name was created by no other than yours truly.

Back when the band first formed, our seniors, Iwasawa and Hisako, were so strict and scary, so I one day jokingly told Irie, our drummer, “These people are monsters... You leave me here and make your own escape, Miyukichi...”

And from that, the name was born.

~ ~ ~

Okay, allow me to introduce the band members. First up is one of our seniors, Hisako.

Her nickname is Hisako. (Sure didn’t change much~☆) Hisako is the lead guitarist of our band.

You’d never expect it, but she also has another side to her: an avid gambler.

To be more specific: an avid, cheating gambler.

I actually got a peek of her treacheries at work a while back.

It was quite a spectacle.

That day, I was playing hide-and-seek with Miyukichi and was hiding inside a locker.

The sun was about to set, so I was wondering if I should come out. Then suddenly the lights came on. A bunch of people came in, said, “Let’s do this!”, and then sat down around a table.

There went my chance to leave.

Little did I know, this was going to be my first time seeing Hisako’s other side.

The four at the table were Fujimaki, TK, Ooyama, and Hisako.

They started shuffling mahjong tiles on it.

The basic rule of mahjong requires a player to form a hand consisting of an eye of two identical tiles, plus four melds of three-tile combos. The first one to achieve a hand wins, and would then collect points from the other players.

“Calling ready!”

Hisako tossed a thousand point stick onto the table, indicating that she was only a tile away from forming a hand.

“There... Go through!”

“Won by discard. One-shot, all simples no pointer. Oh ho, with the inner dora, that’s max points for me.”

It was quite a blitzkrieg.

But I had already noticed that Hisako’s hand didn’t have enough tiles.

There should have been 13 tiles, but she only had ten.

With the other three tiles hidden in her hand, she won by making just three melds instead of four.

“Tsk... Take ‘em.”

Fujimaki was an idiot so he didn’t notice at all. He handed over the point sticks obediently.

Hisako’s one-meld-less trickery had wrecked havoc.

She would always make a hand faster than anyone else.

“I call ready. ‘Kay, won by discard. All simples no pointer, plus the inner dora. Ah. A max again.”

“F*ck me!”

TK was more or less an idiot too, so he didn’t notice either.

For the guy to have even used an R-rated word, he must have been really losing it.

“I call ready.”

This time, Ooyama finally drove Hisako into a corner.

It was only the third turn. She couldn't make it even if she reduced her tiles to just ten.

That was when Hisako decided to do something even more outrageous.

She hid three more tiles into her hand.

Now there were only seven left, and therefore, only two melds.

"Ready here too!"

She tossed out a stick.

But this was obviously too unnatural. She only had half the tiles Ooyama had.

Ooyama probably couldn't take it anymore and voiced out.

"That's... 13 tiles you've got there?"

"Sure is."

...Whaaaaaaaaa?!

His inner scream was heard even inside the locker. (And what a good spot it was too, complete with a perfect view of the table~☆) But since no one else said anything, poor Ooyama just got quiet and drew another tile.

"Gimme a win...! Crap! This one's bad news!"

But he had already called ready, so he had to toss it out.

"Get through!"

"Oh no it won't," said Hisako, "Won by discard. Ready hand one-shot, all simples no pointer, all in one suit, two doras, ah, plus the inner dora... How much is that...? A multiplier of 13, huh? An ultimate maxer."

"Holy shit... That was freaking awesome, Hisako..."

Words of admiration escaped Fujimaki's mouth.



“Hold, hold on! You call that an all in one suit?! Anyone can do that with only seven tiles!”

“I told you it’s 13. ‘Kay, next round, let’s go-”. She pushed all the tiles to the center to destroy the evidence.

“You are just nasty! Okay fine! I’ll do it too! I call ready!”

Ooyama grabbed three tiles into his palm, and taunted with nine tiles, one meld short of a hand.

“Wait, Ooyama, you little twerp, are those enough tiles?”

Fujimaki spotted it and started counting.

“See, you ain’t got enough! You’re out of winning now, twerp.”

“What the?! Why am I the only one getting called out?!”

He was forced to toss back the tile he drew.

“Won by discard.” Hisako declared.

“Huh? Who won by whose discard?”

“I won by yours.”

Flop. She pushed her tiles open.

The four winds plus the three dragons.

“What the hell is that...?”

“Thirteen wonders, a double ultra-maxer.”

“Thirteen wonders from just seven tiles?! Don’t you see any contradictions?!”

“Hah, all in the same suit too. A triple ultra-maxer.”

“Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa?! ”

“Whoa... I’ve never seen the thirteen wonders all in the same suit before...”

“Because it’s not freaking possible!”

And thus, Ooyama sunk even deeper in debt...

“Alright, hand over the meal tickets you owe me.”

“Aw, c’mon...”

Ruthless to no ends, haughty beyond measure. Such is our Hisako. A cheat, a pure incarnation of the Devil.

~ ~ ~

Next up is our drummer Irie, nicknamed Miyukichi, who joined the band at the same time I did. If Hisako is the Devil, then Miyukichi is definitely Devil Jr.

With her delicate physique, she often tempts normal students, a.k.a. the NPCs, into doing outrageous things, just to see how far she can push them. A brutal girl she truly is.

“Hey, hey, so you know that guy, uh... Kinoshita, the NPC? He’s like, totally into me!

When we were in class, our eyes met and his face got like so red! Oh my god, he’s so obvious!”, she boasted one day.

“So yesterday, I told him that I was into like, the ‘delinquent’ look from the 90s, and then when I saw him this morning he was wearing a pair of baggy pants! I’m totally serious!

He was wearing school blazer with the baggy pants on the bottom and everything! Oh my god it was hilarious!”

These NPCs sure were something. Where in the world did he get a pair of baggy pants?

Did he make them overnight?

“Then he started yelling, ‘Whatchoo lookin at, fool?’ at other classmates, but of course people were gonna look! Ah ha ha ha! What’s funniest is that he did all of that just to like, get on my good side!”

There she went, speaking like the Devil Jr. she was...

We might be friends, but I felt like I had to say something about it.

“So Shiorin~ What should we make him do next? He’d do like, anything I tell him!”

“Geez, Miyukichi, haven’t you had enough fun? You’ve teased him plenty already.”

I tried to bring out the morals in her. She was once alive, so she must have had them too.

“But aren’t you just a little bit curious about how far they’ll go? We are spies of the Spirit Soldier Squadron after all.”

Since when were you a spy?

Besides, the SSS was a bunch of idiots anyway; they couldn’t possibly have smart members like us.

“What about like, an afro?! If I tell him I’m into guys with afros, he’d so come in tomorrow with an afro! Oh my god, I can’t stop laughing!”

“You should just quit it. Baggy pants are already bad enough. Any more and you might push the poor NPC to its limits.”

“But that’s like, totally the point! I wanna know what their limits are! Okay then, tomorrow, afro, Kinoshita!”

The next day.

“Oh my god, that Kinoshita!”

I was inside an empty classroom, hoping to practice my bass in peace, when Miyukichi came charging in. After she finally managed to hold down her laughter, she said, “He did it! He really came in with an afro! I’m totally not kidding! Damn, I didn’t even like, know our school’s barbershop had that kind of talent! What a total waste!”

“I saw him too. He was pretty easy to spot. I could tell who it was the moment I saw him in the hallway. The poor guy.”

“So what’s next? He’d seriously do whatever I ask! Oh my god, this is just too funny!”

“Sheesh... What happened to your original goal? Now you’re just doing it for the laughs.”

“Nah, I’m not! This is totally serious business... Heh heh heh heh~”

Hard to believe such an unseemly snicker could come out of that cute lil’ mouth of hers.

“Oh hey, next time, what about like, sticking skewers into his afro?! The cafe’s having a skewer special tonight, so let’s make him come in with like, a bunch of skewers in his afro! Heh heh heh~”



“An afro is still a hairstyle at least, but sticking skewers into an afro? How can you possibly get him to do that?”

“Easy. I’ll just tell him something like, ‘Oh, if only you had skewers in your afro, Kinoshita~ I could just take one down whenever I wanted one~ Ah, I might just get attached to you~’ Heh heh heh~”

What a fiend...

I returned to my solo practice.

The next day.

“Oh my god, oh my god! He

really stuck skewers into his
afro!”

Tears were coming out of her
eyes. She probably laughed all
the way here.

“Yeah, I saw. He sure had
them.”

“I know, right?! And a friend of
his was even like, ‘Gimme one!’,
and he was like, ‘No, don’t
touch!’ Ah hah hah hah! Oh my
god!”

“So, did you eat one?”

“Ew yeah right! They were a day
old and all cold! And he probably
even like, went to the washroom with them! Gross!”

Oh boy, Miyukichi was really going too far...

This world did turn people into this...

And yet most people still managed to take life seriously and bound
together to fight against god.

“Oooh, let’s make him wear a swim ring tomorrow! He isn’t gonna be
swimming but he’ll like, walk around with a swim ring! Baggy pants,
an afro with skewers sticking out, and a swim ring! Hah hah! That
NPC is gonna have more character than us!”

Thwack!

I gave her a good slap on the face.

Miyukichi just looked blankly into space. She was completely shocked.

“NPCs may not have souls like we do, but they are still people! They have feelings too!

And on top of that, Kinoshita’s even the innocent type! Unless you tell him to kill himself, he’d probably do anything you say! Yet all you do is take advantage of that to make fun of him! Don’t you have any shame?!”

“B, but... I thought you were having fun too...”

“How could I have fun with these vulgar pranks of yours?! Kinoshita is way more human than you are!”

“You mean... I’m not even as good as an NPC...?”

“Yeah. You go think about that.”

“S, snuffle...”

Miyukichi’s shoulders started to shake...

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

She ran away with her face in her hands.

Sheesh...

Later, I explained the whole thing to Kinoshita.

Without the NPC part, of course.

“I’m sorry. You did whatever she said all the time, so she kinda got carried away.”

“Then, that means... My love was completely one-sided...”

His head hung down, quite apparently shocked.

“Yeah... I guess it was...”

“I see, but I’m not going to cry over this, because, I’ve found a new love!”

He looked up with new found energy in his eyes.

“Oh? That’s great!”

“You.”

“What?! Me?!”

“Yes, you! You granted salvation to a measly slave like me! I’ve completely fallen in love with you!”

“R, really...”

“Please allow me to go out with you, Miss Sekine!”

“Wait, I’m not sure about this...”

“Do you like afros?! Or regents? Or crew cuts maybe?!”

“No, uh... I’m not into weird stuff like her...”

“Then you’re fine with the way I am?!”

“Uh... Wait... That’s not what I... Um... Bye!”

I quickly dashed out of there.

So anyway, Miyukichi isn’t really evil to the bones, she just has a bad habit of toying with the NPC boys. The evil-doer she is.

~ ~ ~

Last up is Gldemo’s frontman, our senior, Iwasawa.

If Hisako is the proud Devil and Miyukichi is the evil-doer, then Iwasawa would be the music maniac.

I mean she really has absolutely no interest in anything other than music.

And because of that, her cryptic behaviors has often put us all at a loss.

The other day, we were practicing in a spare classroom.

We had just finished the intro, and started into verse A, but Iwasawa wasn’t singing.

Everyone stopped.

“What’s the matter, Iwasawa?” Hisako asked.

“Doo-loo doo-dwa!” Iwasawa uttered .

We all went, “what?”, “huh?” at her mysterious words.

“Sekine.”

I was being called.

“Ah, yes!”

“De par’ after de intro an’ roi’ before verse A shud ‘av been ‘doo-loo doo-dwa’!”

“Ah, ahh, ‘doo-loo doo-dwa’, right? Okay, got it!”

“Alright, one more time!”

“Okay! One, two!”

Irie started the count at Hisako’s signal.

The intro started, and soon we moved into verse A.

“...Naw.”

Iwasawa had the mic to her mouth.

Instead of singing, she just murmured into it.

“Naw.”

We all stopped playing again.

“Sekine.”

My name was again called.

“Yer did, ‘doo-loo doo-doo’.”

She was speaking to me through the speakers.



“Um, didn’t you tell me to do, ‘doo-loo doo-doo’?”

“Oi sure didn’t! Oi towl yer, ‘doo-loo doo-dwa’!”

“Aren’t those the same?”

“Oi said, ‘dwa’! Not, ‘doo’! ‘Dwa’!”

“That last bit?”

“Roi’!”

Iwasawa had been talking to the mic this whole time. She didn’t look back at me even once.

She was even scarier when I couldn’t see the expression on her face.

“Alright, let’s try this again!”

Hisako tried to cheer me up with
her voice.

“Okay! One, two!”

“Naaaaaaaaaw!”

This time she shouted.

We all stopped.

“Sekine.”

My name again.

“Y, yes...”

“Yer did ‘doo-loo doo-doo’ again! Oi jist towl yer ter play, ‘doo-loo doo-dwa’!!”

“But their rhythms are pretty much the same...”

“‘Doo’ an’ ‘dwa’ give oit to’ally differen’ vibes!”

“The difference is so trivial though... With my skill, or rather, with the bass guitar, I probably can’t represent that small difference...”

“Den jist say it oit loud.”

“What?”

“Jist say ‘dwa’ at de end. Waaat do yer tink yer got de mic for?”

“For the chorus part, I thought...”

“Yer canny play it, so jist say it! It’ll ‘elp drive de rhythm!”

“I could... but I don’t think saying ‘dwa’ on the mic will help drive the rhythm...”

“An’, Irie!”

She was shouting at Miyukichi now.

“Y, yes, ma’am...?”

“Bugger aff wi’ de bleedin’ bada boom already!”

She just rendered the whole existence of drums meaningless.

“But that’s what drums do...”

“Make it lighter. Loike new hair after usin’ hair loss tonic.”

“Uh, I’ve never used any hair loss tonics, and what’s that have to do with drumming-”

“Oi mean loike a cymbal roll! Yer’re smart, figure it oit! Yer can ‘andle adult talk, roi?!”

“Oh, a roll... Okay, got it.”

“This is probably gonna be one lame tune...”

A sense of worry surfaced on Hisako’s face.

“Yer too, Hisako, don’t git cocky on me.”

“I’m not getting cocky...”

“Den quit goin’ al’ oit on dat twang in de start! Yer look loike a bleedin’ tool! Loike a rossie who jist figured oit how ter pluk de damn tin’. Ye a child?”

“Then how should I play it?”

“Play de noggin’ par’.”

“Where?”

“De par’ between de tuner an’ de nut! It’s got strings thar, roi’?! Do dat an’ yer git de audience al’ hooked roi’ away! Yer wan’ter grab their hearts from de start, roi’?”

“Are you serious...? Alright, fine... Once again from the start!”

“Okay! One, two!”

“So bleedin’ long-winded! We’ve played together hoy long now? Jist match each other’s breathin’, an’ when she says go, yer go! Yer don’t need a friggin’ count, for Pete’s sakes!”

“Alright, um... Go!”

.....

.....

.....

Tsssssssssst~

Boing!

Doo-loo doo...

“Dwa~”

“Waaat de ‘ell wus dat?! Waaat ye people doin’?!”

“You told us to do it!” We said in unison.

So, that’s our Iwasawa, the crazy music maniac.

That ends today’s activity diary for Girls Dead Monster, or Gldemo for short. This has been the very first entry, a member intro.

~ ~ ~

“Phew...”

I put down my pen.

“Good work!”

Something immediately presses hard on my shoulders.

“Oh ho~ That’s some interesting stuff.”

That voice... Hisako?

I turn around to find all three of them in my room (Miyukichi is my roommate, so of course she’s here).

My face turns pale in a split second.

“Cheating? When did I ever do anything so lame?”

The edge of her mouth twitches upward. She looks so scary...

“Shiorin, who are you calling an evil-doer that toys with the NPC boys?!”

Even the usually calm and gentle Miyukichi has a vein pulsing on her temple (a sign of rage).

“We made you start an activity diary only because you ruined our live with that prank of yours. It’s just the first day and you’re already writing all this crap! Are you trying to pick a fight or something?”

Those fingers claw harder and harder into my shoulders.

“Ow! That seriously hurts, Hisako!”

“Good. She has my full support for today.”

“What?! Have you forsaken me too, Miyukichi?!”

“I can bear the stuff you wrote about me... But Iwasawa sure got the worst of it... Boy, you really went too far.”

“Oh shoot...”

Shivering in fear, I look together with Hisako toward the entrance, where Iwasawa is standing.





“Huh? What?”

She says blankly.

“Erm, didn’t you read this...?”

“Yeah.”

“Aren’t you angry?”

“Why?”

“Uh, Iwasawa... She made you look like a nutcase. With a fake Irish accent too.

She’s totally ruining your image, you know?”

“It’s her diary. She can write whatever she wants in it. But nevermind that... I finished this new song that I wanted Sekine and

Irie to listen to. It was late so I figured I'd just come to your room.
Now let me get

ready so we can get started."

She puts down the case she's been
carrying, takes out her guitar, and starts
playing.

With that, all quarrels dissolve away, and
the group is once again united.

...Yup, she is truly one bona fide music maniac.